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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

DWARFLORDS

DAEMONIFUGE • CYCLES OF CHAOS • SHADOWFAST

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

By the Emperor, I need news! How do His glorious armies fare in their unceasing battle against the Darkness? Let me just read through this issue. Holy throne! This is unbearable! Chaos, Chaos, naught but Chaos assailing me from every direction! Why, if I was not trapped here in the Warp, I would call up two hundred of my battle brothers to launch a devastating assault upon this edifice of filth, this monument to the vile, this...

What's the matter *with you now, Baneblade? You're always whinging on about something, aren't you? So what if there's a bit more Chaos about than usual? It livens things up a bit, you must have noticed that, at least. Believe me, Space Marine, Chaos is glorious, fascinating – why, if the forces of Chaos weren't always trying to kill everyone and everything, you might even call the way of Chaos life-affirming.*

I'll give you 'life-affirming', you foul, filth-encrusted servant of slime. If it's not cruel enough of a fate to be trapped in this unholy prison with you, I cannot just sit and do nothing while Chaos rampages throughout the galaxy! Come here, fiend and feel the Emperor's wrath!

Baneblade, no, no! *Ooff! Put that down! Aarghh! Hey, no, ouch, you're being a bit, ooff, Chaotic yourself now, you know .. Calm down .. No, please, not the– Ouch! Aarghh! Aieeee!*

Inside this comic...

SHADOWFAST
Deep in Athel Loren, Nastor Rakk and his foul brood are the last people the Elf werdancer Shadowfast thought he would encounter. It is plain that dark forces are at work, and they must be stopped!

DWARFLORDS
Transported far from the safety of Karak Kadrin by a Chaos sorcerer's spell, the Dwarf trio must trek home once more – by the long route.

CYCLES OF CHAOS
In the desolate wastes of the Realm of Chaos, a ritual as old as eternity is enacted once more – and let the whole world fear its savage consequences.

DAEMONIFUGE
Ephrael Stern, Sister of Battle, and the deeply troubled Inquisitor Hand have been buried alive beneath the wreck of the Chaos-sabotaged starship Hammer of Thor.

Next month:

THE SAMOS SANCTI

Only in issue 10 of Warhammer Monthly. Kill them all.

GAMES WORKSHOP

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

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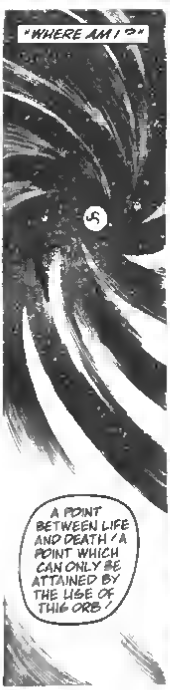
Shadowfast
SCRIPT MICHAEL BROWNE ART SIMON HARRISON LETTERS KID ROBSON
LURED OUT OF ATHEL LOREN BY THE SERVANTS OF CHAOS THE WARDANCER SHADOWFAST FINDS THE SACRED BURIAL MOUNDS OF EQUOS DEFILED!
WHERE IS YOUR MASTER, RAKK?
WARDANCER, I FEAR YOU ARE ALREADY TOO LATE!! FOR I, NASTOR RAKK, HAVE MADE THE IMPOSSIBLE... POSSIBLE!!
I HAVE RAISED THE ELVEN DEAD!!!
MASTER, REMEMBER THE WARNING OF THE NECROMANCER
WHAT CARE I FOR HIS WORDS? DAMN OUR PACT!! FOR I HAVE THE STAFF!
KILL THE MAGE, MY SLAVES!! FOR ARE YOU NOT BOUND TO THE WILL OF CHAOS?
NO!

HOW CAN THIS BE?
THE STAFF, FOOL! I RIPPED IT OUT OF THE VERY GROUND OF YOUR FOREFATHERS! DO YOU LIKE IT?
BY KURNOUS, SUCH SACRILEGE!!
HA HA HA! CALM YOURSELF, ARE WE NOT THE SAME? BOTH COLD KILLERS?
WE ARE NOTHING ALIKE!
I SAW HOW YOU KILLED THOSE BRETONNIANS!
IT WAS MY DUTY AAAHH!! THE STAFF IT BURNS!!
ONLY THE MASTER OF THE STAFF MAY TOUCH IT WITHOUT HARM!!
NEVERTHELESS, I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO JOIN ME, SHADOWFAST!! MY MASTER, UNCLE NURGLE, WOULD LOVE SUCH A SWEET THING AS YOU FOR A FOLLOWER!!
IMAGINE THE PUS OF A MILLION WEEPING WOUNDS COATING YOUR FLESH!! THE SWEET, SWEET RANK OF DEATH, THE DIZZY WHIRL OF FEVER AND DISEASE!!
WHAT SAY YOU?
YOU'RE SICK!!
YES, BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT!!
IF YOU WON'T JOIN ME THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO DIE
AT THE HANDS OF YOUR KIN!
AS YOU BID!

FORGIVE US, KINSMAN, FOR WE ARE BOUND TO THE POWER OF THE STAFF //
NO ! I CAN'T, I WON'T HARM THEM //
NOT LIKE THAT // LIKE THIS !!!
DESTROY YOUR KIN, JOIN ME AND NURGLE WILL BESTOW MANY A FINE PLAGUE UPON YOU! //
NEVER //
I WOULD DIE RATHER THAN GO AGAINST MY OATHS, MY VERY KIN //
THAT IS OUR DIFFERENCE //
HA // SUCH A MISGUIDED YOUTH // WELL, IF YOU WON'T JOIN ME OR DIE WITH DISHONOUR, THEN

I'LL SACRIFICE YOU TO HIS BLOATED EMINENCE, LORD NURGLE !!

AAAAGHHH !!!!
SUCH SPORT ! KILLING AN ELF INSIDE HIS OWN BURIAL MOUND ! I MUST REMEMBER TO TRY IT AGAIN SOMEDAY SOON !!


"WHERE AM I ?"
A POINT BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH ! A POINT WHICH CAN ONLY BE ATTAINED BY THE USE OF THIS ORB !

"AND WHO ARE YOU ?"
LET US SAY A FRIEND ! ONE WHO WOULD SEE YOU THE VICTOR IN THE BATTLE AGAINST RAKK !!

"WHAT CAN BE DONE ?"
TOUCH THE ORB AND THE WORD SHALL BE YOURS !!
"WORD ?"
THE WORD WHICH COMMANDS THE STAFF !
SAY THE WORD AND DESTROY RAKK !!

"SAY THE WORD AND DAMN YOURSELF !!"
NO YOU'RE DEAD !!!
SWEET IGNA, THE VOICE SPOKE TRUE ! COMMAND THE STAFF !!
IT NO LONGER BURNS !!
NO THE STAFF IS MINE !! I FOUND IT !! I WENT AGAINST THE NECROMANCER !! NO !!!
WE ARE NO LONGER BOUND TO RAKK'S WILL !!
KILL THE DEFILER !!

I SWORE IT WOULD END THIS DAY RAKK / AND SO IT HAS //
KINDRED, YOU ARE ONCE MORE THE GUARDIANS OF THE STAFF // KEEP IT WELL AND KEEP IT SAFE //
"FOR I MUST RETURN TO THE SACRED GLADES OF ATHEL LOREN "

WHAT ? THE STAFF HAS RETURNED /// BUT HOW ?
AM I CURSED ?
THE MARK ON MY HAND / SOMEHOW IT IS FAMILIAR //
WAIT IT IS THE SAME AS ON THE ORB //
ARE WE NOW LINKED ?
I MUST FIND ANSWERS ANSWERS WHICH LIE OUT SIDE THE SAFE CONFINES OF THE FOREST //
TO BE CONTINUED..

Bowli Griefwing

MANY years ago, Bowli's four times great-grandsire, Baldi Bluebeard of Karak Kadrin, slew one of the great carrion birds of the World's Edge Mountains with a single crossbow bolt, but perished under the evil beast's death plunge. Ever after, Baldi's sires were given the name 'Griefwing', and the great winged Spangenhelm of Baldi was forged as the Griefwing inheritance. The helm remains a treasured possession, a link with the ancestors, and has passed from father to son until it now rests upon the head of Bowli. As befits his name, Bowli is a gruff, sour-faced Grumbaki* of massive girth. His flowing white beard marks him as one deserving respect within Dwarf society. His preferred weapon is the traditional Dwarf crossbow, loaded with wickedly barbed bolts. His lust for gold is legendary, as is his skill with the mountain goats of his homeland!

*DWARFISH: A grumbler or whiner

DWARF LORDS

2: Fe, Fi, Fo, Grum

SCRIPT & ART BY PAUL DAVIDSON
LETTERS BY GORDON ROBSON

TRANSPORTED EAST FROM THEIR HOMELAND BY A CHAOS NECROMANCER, ETHGRIM, BOWLI AND OLIF FIND THEMSELVES IN UNFRIENDLY TERRITORY...

...THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURN!

IT'S NO GOOD WE'LL TAKE COVER HERE

BLASTED MOUNTAINS! WE'VE BEEN LOST FOR DAYS...

POINTLESS GOING ON ABOUT IT. WE COULD LOSE OUR FOOTING IN THIS WEATHER. BEST PUT OUR HEADS DOWN FOR THE NIGHT

I'D KILL FOR A BELLY FULL OF HOT FOOD RIGHT NOW.

AYE, AND THE FAVOURS OF A FAIR RINN*

MMM! YES!

*RINN - A LADY DWARF

RINNZZZZZZZZzzz

KKKRAH!

BOWLI, WAKE UP!

KRUNK!

I THINK YER BETTER GET UP
AH / STUNTIES AWAKE
WATTOCKS / A GRUNTI...
LUCKY GRUM FIND HIM GET IT BACK GRUM VERY LUCKY HELP GRUM GET BACK ROCKJUMPER!
WHAT YER THINK HE'S BABBLING ON ABOUT, ROCKJUMPER
I THINK HE'S ON ABOUT GOATS //
GOATS ?!!
OUR BOWLI HERE, HE'S HANDY WITH GOATS / IN'T THAT RIGHT, BOWLI LAD?
WATTOCKS!
THEN HELP GRUM ?/
AYE, FOR A PRICE.

AFTER A SHORT WHILE, THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN FRONT OF A SMALL OPENING IN THE ROCKFACE.
YOU GET ROCKJUMPER BACK SAFE IN THERE.
AN' YOU'LL CARRY US DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS?
GRUM PROMISE!
I DON'T LIKE THIS ETH—IT SMELLS OF DEATH!
WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO WE HAVE?
THEY GET ROCKJUMPER FOR GRUM.
'COS ME LIKE ROCKJUMPERS...
ME ALSO LIKE STUNTIES TOO...

THE TOMB'S ANCIENT DETERRENTS DO NOT POSE TOO HARD A TEST FOR THE DWARFS.
CLANG!
AND FINALLY...
LOOK AT THIS PLACE!
...THEY DISCOVER THE GOAT IN AN OLD MUSTY CRYPT.
I DON'T CARE. GRAB THE GOAT AND LET'S BE OFF!
NEVER MIND THE GOAT. LOOK ...GOLD!!

A GOLD GOBLET AND AN ANCIENT BOOK SIT --
--SURROUNDED BY A MOAT OF MOLTEN LAVA
DON'T, BOWLI! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS PLACE... LEAVE IT!
OOF!
WHA?
UNDEAD SENTINELS RISE, BOUND BY LIVING DEATH TO PROTECT...
...TO KILL!
TRAPPED, THE DWARFS SPLINTER THE DEATHLY ONSLAUGHT.
THERE'S A DRAUGHT COMING FROM THE CEILING.
WANNAZ, GET UP THOSE PILLARS.
DO YOU WANT AN INVITATION OR SOMETHING?!
SMASH!

STOK!
C'MON, QUICKLY!
THAT SHOULD DO IT!
BOOMF!
WHAT ABOUT THE GRONT?
I DON'T TRUST ANYONE WHOSE HEAD IS THAT FAR OFF THE GROUND!
THE DWARFS QUICKLY PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AND THE MOUNTAIN...
ANYWAY, HOW BY GRIMNIR DID THIS GOAT GET IN THE CRYPT WITHOUT BEING KILLED?
GOATS ARE QUICK ON THEIR FEET... IN'T THAT RIGHT, BOWL!
AH, WATTOCKS, THE PAIR OF YER
AS FOR THE GIANT...
STUNTIES BIN LONG TIME... BRING ROCKJUMPER TO HUNGRY GRUM
GRUM PROMISE... NOT HURT STUNTIES
...STUNTIES?!
STUNTIES?!
TO BE CONTINUED...

Cycles of Chaos

SCRIPT ANDY JONES * ART JOHN HICKLENTON
LETTERS DAVID PUGH

HE HAS TRAVELLED FAR...
THIS WARRIOR.
AND NOW HE SENSES..
HIS DESTINY...
IS SOMEHOW TIED WITH THIS PLACE.
HIS APPROACH IS NOTED -
EVEN AMONGST THE FRENZIED CLAMOUR.
BLOOD AND SKULLS FOR OUR LORD!!

CONFIDENT, THE WARRIOR APPROACHES...
ASIDE!
HE HAS SLAUGHTERED MANY..
ON HIS JOURNEY TO THIS PLACE.
OUT OF MY WAY SCUM!
THATS HIM... HE'S THE ONE!
FIRST WORDS OF THE NEWBORN.
NO! AAAIEEEGHH!
CLUB
KILL HIM!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

Shadowfast
portrait by Simon Harrison

PREPARE THE NEWBORN FOR HIS JOURNEY!
EVENTUALLY, HE IS READY.
HIS CHARIOT AWAITS.
IN THE NAME OF CHAOS!
NEEIGHHH!
WE RIDE!
CHAOS!
WE RIDE!
NORTH!
HIS JOURNEY BEGINS!

DAEMONS STAND AGAINST HIS PASSING.
NO QUARTER ASKED FOR
WAK!
NONE GIVEN.
NORTH!
WE GO NORTH!

THOSE WHO WILL NOT JOIN HIS QUEST...
MUST DIE IN THE NAME OF HIS LORD!
FOR THE BLOOD GOD!
CARRION FEED IN HIS WAKE AS HE HEADS EVER...

NORTH!
MONTHS, PERHAPS YEARS PASS. TIME IS... MUTABLE... IN THE REALM OF CHAOS. DEATH LIES BEHIND HIM. HIS WARBAND GROWS, SWELLED BY VICTORY, UNTIL....

SMOKE RISES INTO A GREY SKY.
HIS WARHOST SENSE BLOOD.
AHEAD! WE CRUSH ALL!
IT IS DAYS SINCE THEY HAVE SLAUGHTERED.
BROOOAAAGHHH!
RANKS HOLD!
WOOAHH!
...AND YET THIS WARRIOR SENSES SOMETHING MORE...

?
KORAK!
HE WOULD SEE MORE CLOSELY WHAT HE PLANS TO DESTROY.
BOOOM
HE SENSES HIS DESTINY...
IS SOMEHOW TIED WITH THIS PLACE.
ASIDE.
OUT OF MY WAY SCUM!
THATS HIM... HE'S THE ONE!
?
FIRST WORDS OF THE NEWBORN.

[ALL BORDERS BY JOHN BLANCHE]

ADEPTA

FILE: Battle Sister **DESG: Std**

Many millennia ago, in a time of strife, the Adeptus Ministorum was banned from having men under arms. The elite all-female warriors of the Adepta Sororitas is the Adeptus Ministorum way of maintaining a military force without breaking this law.

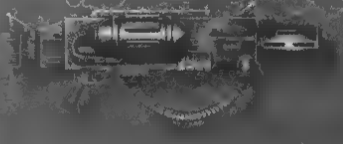
Only the most physically adept sister are honoured the privilege of donning a sacred suit of Power armour and receiving the blessed rites of weaponry that allow them passage into one of Militant Orders to become a full Battle Sister.

WPN: Boltgun
PTN: Mk.XII (Jove)

The standard weapon for the Adepta Sororitas is the boltgun, all Sisters are trained in its use. This devastating weapon is more akin to mini-rocket launcher, firing a rapid succession of lethal explosive bolts.

FILE: Battle Sister **DESG: Spc**

Some Sister Superiors give additional training to the most skilled of their Battle Sisters, educating them in the use of more exotic weaponry. Often such weaponry is very short ranged and only the bravest are given the task of closing with the enemy to deal death with a super-heated blast or slaying many with devastating flame-thrower attack. Often these same Battle Sisters are demolition experts, taking out enemy bunkers with melta-bombs and plasma grenades.



WPN: Melta-gun **PTN: Mk.V (Necro)**

The melta-gun is just one example of the weaponry used by these Battle Sisters. It works on an atomic fusion principle, super-heating the particles in the target and reducing it to molten slag.

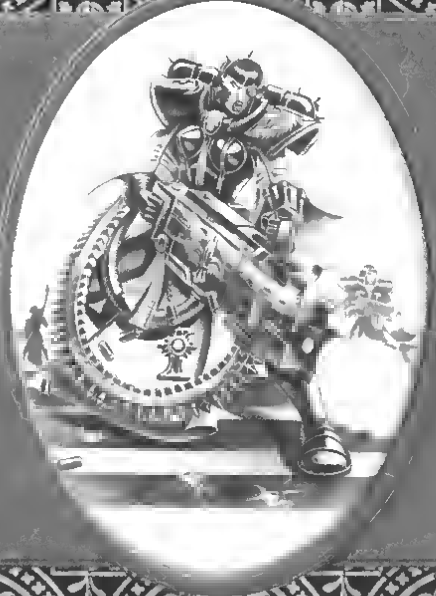
Sororitas

FILE: Battle Sister **DSG: Hvy**

The battlefields of the 41st millennia are filled with awesome war machines and deadly monstrosities, such targets may prove impervious to normal weapons fire. In such case the Battle Sisters employ heavy weaponry. These weapons are much larger than normal guns, capable of firing heavier shells and much faster rate. Their only drawback being their great weight and cumbersome nature, although this proves little problem for a Battle Sister in a full suit of Power Armour.

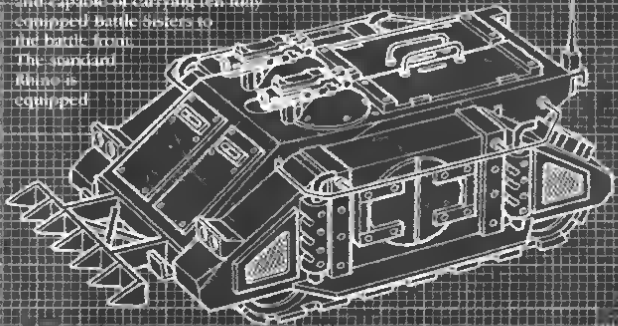
WPN: Hvy Bolter
PTH: Mk.III (Jove)

This is a heavier version of the standard bolt gun, it fires much larger shells capable of tearing apart such horrific targets as the alien warriors of the Tyranid hive fleets.



FILE: Rhino **DSG: Transport**

The Rhino is the standard armoured transport for many Imperial armies, including the Adepta Sororitas. It is fully enclosed and capable of carrying ten fully equipped Battle Sisters to the battle front. The standard Rhino is equipped with twin bolt guns, although there are many variants that have been upgraded to include much heavier weaponry.



TOP: Rhino Mk XXII (Orpheus) **WPN:** Twin camon (coaxial mounted)
BOTTOM: Immolator Mk I (Orpheus) **WPN:** Twin heavy flamers

Artists: Wayne Haag and David Gallagher, Des Hamley, Kev Walker, John Wigley.

DAEMONIFUGE

SCRIPT Jim Campbell & Kev Walker
ART Kev Walker
LETTERS Fiona Stephenson

"I KNOW WHAT YOU MUST ALL BE THINKING.

"THE HAMMER OF THOR *DESTROYED* THREE QUARTERS OF OUR COMPANY *KILLED* IN THE CRASH... WE'RE *MAROONED*.

"YOU'RE THINKING THE ENTIRE MISSION WAS A *FOOL'S ERRAND*, CHASING *GHOSTS* AT THE BEHEST OF A MAD INQUISITOR AND A LUNATIC SERAPHIM...

"WHAT KIND OF MISSION IS THAT FOR THE ORDER OF OUR MARTYRED LADY?"

I SHALL *TELL* YOU!

WE SWORE AN *OATH*, TO *OBEY* ORDERS, TO SPREAD THE LIGHT OF THE EMPEROR BEFORE US AND BANISH THE DARK. IT IS OUR *DUTY* TO COMPLETE OUR MISSION NO MATTER WHAT THE OBSTACLE!

WE DO *NOT* BACK DOWN IN THE FACE OF ADVERSITY. ELSE WE *FAIL* IN HIS MOST BLESSED SIGHT. WE ARE *THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPEROR. SISTERS OF BATTLE.*

SISTERS OF BATTLE !
SISTER SUPERIOR KALGA ORGANISE SEARCH GROUPS SEE WHAT WEAPONS OR SUPPLIES CAN BE SALVAGED
AND SISTER STERN ?
GIVE HER NO MORE THOUGHT OTHER THAN IN YOUR PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD
" BOTH SHE AND THE INQUISITOR ARE WELL BEYOND OUR ASSISTANCE "
GNNNGH !
FIRES OF DAMNATION !
I WILL BE FREE !

I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH
GRIMSPYRE !
YOU HAVE CAUSED US GREAT DISCOMFORT, LITTLE FLEA..
AAAAAAGH !
AND I FEEL INCLINED TO SCRATCH
HE'S NOT REAL, SILAS... NONE OF THIS IS...
SILAS...!
WHAT-?
EPHRAEL...?!

WITCH ! I'LL EAT THY SOUL !
SCHAINNG !
UNGH !
DIVINE EMPEROR...
GIVE... ME... STRENGTH !
IT IS NOT YOUR PLACE TO STOP WHAT PASSES HERE !
AAGH !
HOW CAN YOU HELP THOSE WHO WON'T HELP THEMSELVES ? HIS FEAR BINDS HIM IN CHAINS OF HIS OWN MAKING
WHAT USE IS SUCH A ONE WHOSE TERRORS COLOUR ALL HE SEES ?
CHAOS FIEND !
WHA-!?
THERE IS NAUGHT BUT DECEIT AND UNTRUTH ISSUING FROM THY THROAT ! THINK IT BETTER TO BE SILENCED
ARRRGH !

GRRARRRH !
AAAAR
SHKRRKKK!!
THIS IS YOUR GUILT... YOU KNEW IT BY NAME?
GRIMSPYRE ? YES ! I HAVE BEEN TRAPPED BY THIS PLACE FOR TOO LONG...
WOULD THAT IT HAD REALLY HAPPENED THUS
IT WOULD SEEM THAT WE ARE LINKED YOU AND I OUR DESTINIES ENTWINED
OUR DREAMS AS WELL AS OUR REALITIES
CANONESS !
HIS DIVINE WILL PRESERVE US...

SHE WAKES - IT IS A MIRACLE
I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH
THERE ARE GREATER THINGS AT WORK ON THIS PLANET THAN EVEN SHE KNOWS
WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?
WE ARE NOT DEAD, AND YET WE SHOULD BE FOR A SPACESHIP FELL UPON US.
SOME EXTERNAL FORCE IS WORKING THROUGH YOU EPHRAEL-ONE THAT WANTS US BOTH ALIVE.
FOR NOW, AT LEAST.
"IT MATTERS NOT, GIRL. FOR YOU HAVE SLEPT A DAY LONGER THAN I."
"AND IN THAT TIME I HAVE FELT THE CALL OF THIS ENTITY."
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO REASSURE ME?
"A PLACE MORE CURSED AND REMOTE I CANNOT IMAGINE."
"A LOST CONVENT OF THE ADEPTUS SORORITAS."
WE'RE HERE.
ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

I FEAR A RECKONING IS AT HAND CHILD
I FEAR IT, TOO...
YOU HAVE ACTED HONOURABLY WHILE I HAVE KNOWN YOU EPHRAEL STERN EVEN WHEN IT MIGHT HAVE COST YOU DEAR...
BUT WE NEAR THE VERY HEART OF DARKNESS NOW. AND THERE IS A GAPING VOID AT THE CORE OF YOUR BEING...
YOUR TRUE NATURE IS SHIELDED BOTH FROM MY EYES AND FROM THOSE OF CHAOS - FOR WHAT PURPOSE I CANNOT GUESS...
FROM THIS MOMENT HENCE I SHALL BE WATCHING YOU, SISTER STERN
"AS MUCH AS I TRIED TO PAY INQUISITOR HAND NO HEED I COULD NOT ESCAPE THE NAGGING DOUBT, THE SUSPICION THAT HE MAY BE RIGHT...
"INSIDE ME GREW A QUAKING FEAR THAT SOMETHING TRULY AWFUL LAY WITHIN...
"UNFORTUNATELY DUTY AND FEAR OFTEN FOLLOW THE SAME PATH. WE MUST FOLLOW THE ONE, AND CONQUER THE OTHER."
"AN ABYSS OF LOST MEMORY GAPED BEFORE ME...
"A DARKNESS THAT SWALLOWED US ALL."
IF, FOR ONE MOMENT, I BELIEVE THAT YOUR TRUE HEART IS ALLIED WITH CHAOS, THEN MINE SHALL BE THE HAND WHICH SLAYS YOU.
I TRUST THIS IS CLEAR?
CONTINUED